THE OHIO ORGAN,

OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

S. F. CARY, Editor. CALEB CLARK, Publisher.

VOLUME 2. CINCINNATI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1853. NUMBER 6.

Go! Feel what I have Felt.

A young lady, who was told that she was almost a monomaniac in her hatred to alcoholic drinks, wrote the following touching and sensible verses.

Go! feel what I have felt,
Go! bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief—the scalding tear.

Go! weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall:
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That leads thee up to woman's day.

Go! kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive, the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;—
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied.

Go! stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go! catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go! hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair—
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crush'd spirit cheer—
Thine own deep anguish hide—
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimm'd eye—her furrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—
Her toil-worn frame—her trembling limb—
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith [illegible]
[illegible] up
This promise to the deadly cup;
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chain'd her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go! hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine cup's glow—
See if its brightness can atone;
Think, if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die!

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word—
I loath, abhor—my very soul
By strong disgust is stirr'd,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of thee, dark beverage of Hell!!

From the National Temperance Offering

LITTLE PELEG,

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL,

Author of "Oakshaw," "Ned Elton," Tom Toperly," and other Tales.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

Peleg.—A homely name for a homely boy, but a boy as good as he was homely. Peleg Brown, or as the school-boys tauntingly called him, because his complexion was nearly the color of a hazel-nut, Brown Peleg, was the only son of a worse than widowed woman, who lived in an humble cottage on the outskirts of a village situated upon the romantic stream, Kishacoquillas, a Pennsylvania tributary to the noble Juniata.

Peleg's mother—one of those gentle women, who seem only able to hold life in its sunshine-aspects, but whose experience is an evidence that they have latent strength for cloud and storm—was worse than widowed, because her husband, John Brown, had, for several years, been a confirmed drunkard, dependent upon the efforts of his gentle wife and feeble son for his food, raiment, and shelter, as well as for the means, obtained through force and stealth, by which he purchased at the village grog-shop, the numerous drams that rendered his wife a creature of sorrow, and his son a youth shunned and forsaken by the boys of his age.

It was Christmas—a holiday to most boys—but a day of labor to Peleg Brown. With his saw-buck upon his shoulder and his wood-saw under his arm, Peleg trudged through the snow, from one house to another, seeking a job. A pile of wood in front of the mansion of one of the wealthiest men of the village attracted his attention, and he begged the privilege of sawing it into proper stove-lengths. He was told that he might carry it into the back yard, saw it, and pile it in the wood-house. It was a good job. Peleg was a small boy, but he thought how many comforts he might buy his mother with the money the job would bring him, and, with a cheerful heart, and a willing hand, he went to work. Noon came and he sat down on his saw-buck to eat his frugal Christmas dinner. It was [illegible] warmth from the tops of the houses, fell upon Peleg, until he looked as if he were a miller's apprentice, but he heeded not the snow or the cold, and was hurrying with his repast, that he might have the more time to work, when he found himself face to face, with a handsome, well-dressed boy, about his own age, but of much larger size, who said to him:

"Hallos, little fellow, how much did you have to spend for Christmas?"

"I had nothing sir," honestly answered Peleg, somewhat astonished at the abrupt question, "but if I work well to-day, mother will make me a nice pie when I go home."

"Ha, ha," cried the well dressed boy—"work on Christmas and get a *nice* pie for it. You're a little unfortunate. Where *do* you live?"

This was said with an air, as if the speaker regarded Peleg a curiosity; but Peleg was too honest to notice such irony, and he answered frankly,

"I live in the little house back of the church on the common."

"Oh! ho! then you're the son of drunken Brown. No wonder you don't have any money to spend on Christmas. *I* had three dollars—*my* father ain't a drunkard."

Peleg was hurt—sorely hurt—but he thought of his mother and uttered no retort. He made his saw run glibly through the wood, and paid no attention to the careless boy that had taunted him. When he turned around to get another stick of wood to lay upon his buck, he noticed that his tormentor was gone.

This boy was the only son of the merchant for whom Peleg was sawing wood. When he left the yard he ran into the parlor, where his mother, father, and sister were sitting, and marching up to the latter, he whispered,

"There's a character in the yard, Jane, a chap that'll just suit you. He is sawing wood on Christmas to get a pie at night. Ain't he a character?"

"What character," inquired the father, catching the last words, "come Frank, what mischief have you been up to now?"

"Nothing, Pa," returned the boy, "only I had been out to see my pony, when I found a character in the yard—the son of drunkard Brown is sawing our wood, and I had some fun with him."

"You did not make fun of his misfortunes, I hope, my son," said his mother.

"No, mamma," returned Frank, "I only laughed at him a little for having to saw wood on Christmas, and being content with a *nice* pie at night."

"That was naughty, Frank," said Jane.

"Come, come, Jane," interrupted the father, "let Frank have his sport to-day. You may preach to him to-morrow. But, Frank, you must not associate with drunkard's sons and wood-sawyers. It is bad enough to have *one* in the family given to such company."

The last sentence was intended as a reprimand to Jane. She felt it, and left the parlor. As she walked to her own room, the tears started in her eyes, and her heart said, "Why does not father love me? He tells me I am homely. He says Frank is his only pride; but I love father, though he never does call me Pet. I'm sure if I do associate with drunkard's children it's not to disobey *Pa*, but it is because I love to see them have something good to eat, and wear. Ma loves for this, and other people say I am good. Why does not Pa love me?"

Again, and again she asked herself this question, and still she could find no answer, but, that she was a homely girl, and Frank was a handsome boy. She did not feel that her father was a worldly man—one whose heart was on houses, and lands, and stocks, and bills—that he loved Frank because he was fine looking, and, what the parent was pleased to term, a "*sharp*" boy—that he expected him to sustain the credit of the house of Pridare & Co., and that he had nothing to expect of Jane, because she was not only homely, but seemed to have no joy in the society of the rich and proud who visited his house—would rather, even when it stormed, carry a basket of clothing around to the poor children in the neighborhood, than sit in the parlor and play the piano for visitors. Frank laughed at Jane for these "*whims*." He loved the dashing company that visited his father's house—he was well pleased when his father allowed him to sit down with the proud visitors to a rich supper, and drink the choice wine which flowed freely around the board. Sometimes his mothe thought he took too much wine, but the father said,

"No. It don't hurt him. He's of the real Pridare stock. He knows what good wine is, and it is *good* for him."

Night was approaching; little Peleg prepared to quit work for the day. His "job" was not finished, but he sent a modest request into the house that, as it was Christmas, he might be paid for what he had done; promising to come on the morrow and complete his work. His request was granted, and he was carefully placing the hard earned sixpences in the pocket of his ragged jacket, when a young lady crossed the yard towards him It was Jane; who had determined to do something for the drunkard's son, which would cause him to forget Frank's harshness, and remember that Christmas with pleasure.

She spoke kindly to Peleg, and told him he must not think hard of what her brother had said. He was a thoughtless boy.

"I did'nt only for a moment, kind lady," said Peleg, "I know he doesn't feel what it is to be a drunkard's son. I am a poor boy, but I've got a good mother, and I love her."

"You are a good boy," said Jane, "stay here a moment, I have something to send your mother."

Peleg put down his saw-buck, and Jane ran into the house. In a few moments she appeared again, bringing a basket, which was carefully covered, and which Peleg found to be heavy, when Jane put it into his hand, saying,—

"Carry this to your mother, and tell her it is from Jane Pridare."

"We are not beggars," was on Peleg's lip, but Jane smiled upon him so sweetly, he could not say it. Thanking her with a tone which made her heart thrill, he bid her good evening, and ran homeward. He had worked hard, and he was tired; he carried his wood-saw and buck and a heavy basket, but the remembrance of Jane's smile was warm in his heart, and he walked not a step until he reached his mother's cottage.

He was gladly received—joyfully welcomed, and the basket was quickly opened. There, nicely and carefully packed, was an assortment of delicacies such as Peleg had never partaken of, and such as his mother had not been for many years.

The mother prepared the Christmas supper in the neatest style her meagerly furnished house would allow, and when Peleg had dressed himself in his Sabbath-school suit, they sat down to such a repast as had never been eaten in that cottage. There was but one thing wanting to complete comfort—the husband and father could not partake with mother and son. He was at the village grog-shop, and he did not come home till long after Peleg had recited his lessons to his mother, and was dreaming of Jane Pridare.

The wife had left for the husband a portion of the Christmas supper in the most temping manner she could prepare it, but he was in no mood for "delicacies." He threw himself upon his couch—slept the sleep of a drunkard, and was away from the cottage again as soon as it was light, seeking his bitters.